The Tune to the Devonſhire *Cant*:

Or, an Anſwer to the PARLIAMENT Diſſolved at *Oxford.*

——— *Nonne vides ut nudum remigio latus.* Horat. Ode XIII Lib.

THE ſafety of the *KING* and's Royal *Throne*,
Depends on thoſe 500 *KINGS* alone;
Thoſe, under whom ſome ſay three *Kingdoms* groan.

The Commons no new Methods will aſſigne,
Of chuſing *KINGS* they know the *Royal Line*,
Was wont to be reputed as *Divine.*

Your Engliſh-men who underſtand who gave,
Their *KING* his *Royal grandure* ſtrove to have,
His Majeſty their *General*, their *Slave.*

As frantick and outragious as they were,
Their *VOTES*; they ſhew'd their Vigilence and care,
And nought like thoſe could diſſipate our fear.

They are *Diſſolv'd* and with them all our *hopes*,
Prepare for *Smithfeild* fires for *Racks* and *Ropes*;
For that's the pleaſing Exerciſe of *POPES.*

Now to create *Inteſtine Broyls* what need
Is there, of thoſe experienc'd things take heed,
When'th *States Blood's* hot 'tis dangerous to bleed.

In all true Hearts it would a Love create,
To ſee the *Supreme power* diſſipate,
All *Pentioners*, thoſe *Spungers* of our *State.*

The *Commons* aimes were but to regulate,
Things ſhufflʼd out of place in *Church* and *State*,
Not to cramp *Juſtice* but *corroborate.*

When they offend they juſtly feel the ſmart,
Impos'd on him by ſome ambitious heart;
Who's ſwellen envy breaks out like a F----t.

But here's the miſchief, they eſpouſe the *Law*,
Hate thoſe who *Subjects* from *Alligiance* draw,
And of their *Royal Maſter* ſtand in awe.

We've grounds to hope when next they meet they'l bring,
Wiſe Councels, *Grave Propoſals*, ev'ry thing,
Conducive to the *Peace* of *People* and *KING.*

If ſo, we'll ſing adieu to *PLOTS*, in vain
Shall *Rogues* attempt to ſhake our Peace again,
And then great *CHARLES* moſt happily will reign.

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